

ex-cite



Gay love

A collection of
six erotic stories

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GAY LOVE

A collection of five erotic gay stories

Edited by Miranda Forbes

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Put a Ring on It

by Elizabeth Coldwell

I caught myself looking at Dylan's cock in the shower. It's not something I make a habit of, though it's hard not to be tempted when a new bloke joins the team – after all, it's only natural to want to make comparisons, even when I so seldom see anyone whose dimensions quite match up to mine. But as Dylan soaped his balls, I couldn't help but notice something I had never seen before – a thick gold ring adorning his helmet.

My peeking must have become a little too obvious, but Dylan finally muttered, 'Admiring the Prince Albert there, Ian?'

So that was what it was. I'd heard the term many times before, even seen a couple in photographs, but I'd never thought I would actually come across someone who had chosen to have this particular piercing. And most certainly not one of my closest friends.

'Got it done a couple of weeks ago, at that new tattooing parlour off the high street,' Dylan continued, turning to rinse lather from his back.

'Didn't it hurt?' I asked, trying not to disclose how fascinated I was by the glittering ring.

'Nah, I only felt a little prick.' He gave himself a discreet tug, emphasising the pun. I laughed. Though I'd never actually seen it when it was hard, there was no way Dylan's equipment could ever be described as little. 'But seriously, mate, the missus loves it. She says she can really feel it in all the right places when I'm fucking her.'

Around us, the rest of the team were stepping out of the shower and towelling themselves down, or in various stages of putting on their street clothes. Big Kev, the goalie, voice reduced to a croak from 90 minutes of bellowing at his back four, was trying to chivvy everyone along. 'Come on, you useless buggers,' he exclaimed. 'I'm gasping for a pint.' That was Kev, always the first in the Rose and Crown after a game – but, to be fair, always the first to buy a round, too.

'Are you coming for a drink?' I asked Dylan, as he wrapped his towel round his waist, finally hiding his new piercing from my view.

'I was thinking of giving it a miss for once,' he replied. 'Sharon's spending a few days in a health spa with her sister, so I was wondering if you fancied coming over for a few beers and a takeaway curry. I can't remember if you've been to the place since we had the home cinema system installed?'

I shook my head. It seemed ages since I'd visited Dylan's home and, while the post-match drinking session had become a ritual among the team, I didn't fancy the hangover which usually came with it. I had plans for Sunday morning which involved making a start on painting the back room, rather than lying in bed half the day with a stinking headache.

'OK, you're on,' I said. Once we were both dressed, we said our goodbyes to the lads and headed out to the car-park, where Dylan's top-of-the-range Lexus was parked. As ever, I'd walked the 15 minutes from my flat to the recreation

ground where we played our local league games.

‘We’ll stop at an off-licence and pick up a six-pack on the way. Can’t hurt to have too much beer in the house,’ Dylan said, unlocking the doors with the remote control on his key ring. I dumped my kit bag in the boot and got in on the passenger’s side. He swung the car out on to the main road and set off in the direction of his home, driving confidently but just a little too fast, as he always did. I supposed it came from the days when he had been just another sales rep, clocking up the motorway miles, before he had taken the risk of setting up his own business. Now he was a successful entrepreneur, with a beautiful four-bedroom house on the edge of the Peak District, holidays in the Maldives twice a year and a petite blonde wife who he had treated to a ten-grand boob job on her last birthday. And remarkably, despite all the differences in our personalities and lifestyles, we were still as good friends as we had been before he had made his money.

People often wondered quite how Dylan and I got on as well as we did. On the surface, he was arrogant, even cocky, while I was quieter and more thoughtful – a combination which should have seen us rubbing each other up the wrong way. But Dylan could be more sensitive than his brash exterior suggested. He was probably the only one of my football mates who knew I was gay and, given some of the banter I heard in the changing room, I felt it was safer that way. But Dylan respected my sexual preference, even if he did sometimes joke that if he was single I’d have made a pass at him by now. I always laughed the comments off, but there was a grain of truth in it. Physically, Dylan was very much my type: big and imposing, with a muscular body and the tautest arse imaginable. I sometimes had fantasies in which he had me chained at his feet while he dominated and verbally abused me – not that I would ever have shared those with him, of course.

Once at Dylan’s home, he parked the car in his drive and we went inside. One of the first things he had done after buying the place was convert the cellar into his games room. It was very much a male domain, with a dartboard, pool table, state-of-the-art sound system with concealed speakers and a genuine Wurlitzer jukebox he had bought at auction, stacked with all his favourite singles from the sixties and seventies. I made myself comfortable on the black leather sofa, kicking off my trainers. Along with the beer, Dylan had bought tortilla chips and a spicy salsa dip. He tossed me a can, and we sat drinking beer and munching our snacks while we dissected our performance in the game. We’d beaten the team from the Dog and Duck fairly comprehensively that afternoon, and I was still buzzing from scoring two of the goals.

Eventually, Dylan asked, ‘Fancy a game of pool, Ian?’

‘Sure, why not?’ Dylan and I often played each other at pool, and I never failed to thrash him out of sight. I followed him over to the table and selected a cue.

‘Why don’t we make this interesting?’ Dylan said as he racked the balls up. ‘Let’s have a bit of a bet on the side.’

He's been practising, I thought, otherwise he wouldn't even be suggesting this. 'How much did you have in mind?' I replied.

'I wasn't thinking of money,' he replied, chalking his cue. 'The bet is that whoever wins gets to make the other do what he wants for the rest of the weekend.'

I had no idea where he'd plucked that idea from, but I wasn't complaining. Already I had visions of Dylan painting my back room for me. If I thought hard, I was sure there were a couple of other chores he could help me with. I knew he wasn't the type to weasel out if he lost the bet. 'You're on,' I said, and we shook hands on it.

It soon became obvious, when Dylan broke and nominated red, that he had been practising. It was all part of the ruthless competitive streak which made him such a good businessman: he hated to be beaten at anything. Yet, even though he sunk a couple of balls with relative ease and made shots he would have muffed a couple of months ago, I still found myself with only the black to pot while he still had half the table to clear.

This is going to be so sweet, I thought, lining up my shot. The black went down the hole, but before I could reach to shake Dylan's hand in commiseration, the cue ball was following after it. In my over-confidence, I had put a little more spin on the shot than I'd needed, and it had cost me the game.

'Too bad, mate,' Dylan smirked.

I shrugged. 'You win some, you lose some.' Adopting a jokily servile tone, I added, 'So what do you want me to do, o master?'

'Well, for a start, you can get me another beer.' I did as I was told, wondering how long Dylan would make me do as he asked. I suspected it wouldn't be too long before he got bored of ordering me around and hauled me upstairs to show off his home cinema instead.

Dylan popped the ring pull and took a long swallow. 'Right, now I want you to strip.'

'I'm sorry?' I said, unable to believe what I thought he'd just said.

'You heard me. Strip.'

He stood there, nursing his can and regarding me with a stern expression. Wondering quite how far he would let me go before he started laughing and told me it was all a joke, I pulled my T-shirt over my head and dropped it to the floor. My jeans followed, then my socks, at which point I decided enough was enough and stopped.

'What are you doing?' Dylan asked icily.

'You asked me to strip, so I stripped,' I replied.

'I meant all of it. Take the rest off.' By now, I had no doubt he was serious. I didn't know quite what he was trying to prove, but I realised I had to go along with it. I hooked my fingers in the waistband of my black briefs and began to ease them down, suddenly feeling very self-conscious. I had no real reason to feel this way – I'd been naked before Dylan a couple of hours earlier, after all – but

somehow this was different. Indeed, it was very like all those fantasies I'd had in which Dylan had mastered me.

At that thought, my cock began to stir. I fought the urge to cover it with my hands, but, in any case, Dylan had already noticed the way my body was reacting to the treatment he was giving me.

'Well, well, Ian.' He came close behind me, so I could feel his breath hot on my neck. 'Seems you like being made to do what I want. Am I right?'

'Yes, sir.' I had no idea where that had come from, but somehow it felt like the correct way to address him. Dylan almost roared with laughter, clearly relishing my admission of submission.

'In that case, get down and kiss my boots.' It was one of the most demeaning things he could ask me to do and, for a moment, I hesitated. Then the urge to submit to him kicked in once more and I sank to the floor. The games room was carpeted, but I could still feel uncomfortably hard concrete beneath my knees as I bent my head and placed a reverent kiss on the toecap of each of Dylan's heavy black boots in turn.

'Very good,' Dylan said. I glanced up briefly. He seemed to be thinking about what he was going to ask me to do next. I suspected he might get me to polish his boots with my tongue until he could see his face reflected in them – it was what I would have done if the positions were reversed – but Dylan had other ideas.

'You know, I quite enjoy it when Sharon's away, but there are some things I miss.' I was wondering where this might be heading as he continued, 'Like her cooking. And the sex. But mostly the sex. If I don't get it every couple of days I start getting a bit tetchy. So what I normally do, to tide myself over as it were, is have a wank.' He flashed me an evil grin. 'But then I thought, why wank myself off when I've got someone here to do it for me?'

I shook my head. 'Oh, no, you can't mean...Come on, Dylan, what would Sharon say?'

'She won't mind – not as long as I tell her everything afterwards.' He plucked the cue ball off the pool table, polished it absent-mindedly on his sleeve. 'In fact, she'll probably complain about not being here to watch.'

It was the last thing I'd expected to hear. I thought I knew my friend so well, and yet here he was, confessing to having some kind of open marriage. I wondered what else I might learn about him – and myself – before this weekend was over.

'Tell you what,' he said. 'I'll give you a choice. Either you give me a handjob, or I send you outside to wash the Lexus, dressed as you are now.'

It wasn't a choice at all, not really. Even though there was a part of me that thrilled at the thought of being sent outside, stark naked, to wash his car, with all the attendant risk of being spotted by a passer-by, it was a fantasy too far. Dylan knew it, too. Probably he also knew that now I'd got over the initial shock of his suggestion, I was warming to the thought of wanking off that big cock of his. If

nothing else, it would give me the opportunity to take a closer look at his piercing.

I expected him to get his dick out, but he just stood with his hands on his hips, waiting. He didn't make a move to assist me as I fumbled with his belt buckle and undid his zip. Reaching into his underwear, I got my first ever feel of his cock. It was warm and smooth in my hand, already beginning to swell as I wrapped my fingers round it.

Slowly, I began to stroke up and down his circumcised shaft, my gaze unavoidably drawn to his Prince Albert. Cheekily, I caught hold of the ring and twirled it between my finger and thumb, wondering what kind of sensations it might be sending down his length. A quick glance up showed me that Dylan's eyes were half-closed and his lips curled in pleasure. He seemed to be enjoying this far too much for a man who had always claimed not to have any interest in sex with other men.

My suspicions were confirmed when, after a couple of moments of this, Dylan announced, 'Now suck it for me. And do a good job, or it'll be the worse for you.' My own cock surged upwards at the threatening tone in his voice. I was almost tempted to do something crass like biting on his sensitive helmet in the hope he would thrash me for my pains. But, as the tip of him slipped between my lips, I knew I couldn't do it. Having that beautiful hard tool in my mouth just made me want to worship it to the best of my ability.

Fully erect, Dylan was nearly as big as me, filling my mouth completely. I kept hold of his shaft at the base, limiting his ability to thrust deeper once he started to get excited. An ex of mine had once tried to fuck my throat, and I really hadn't liked it. For all that I was the submissive here, I knew I had to retain just a little control so Dylan would enjoy his blowjob all the more.

If Dylan realised I was topping from the bottom in this regard, he didn't say anything. He was too busy grunting and moaning and telling me to suck harder like the good little cock-whore I was. Sneakily, I gave myself a few tugs, excited beyond belief by the language Dylan was using. It was almost as though he'd seen inside my head and knew the words which would have me gobbling ever more avidly on his dick.

My tongue slid over the ring that pierced him, exploring the contrast between hot, virile flesh and cold, alien metal. I was just beginning to feel the first jerkings of his cock in my mouth, signalling the approach of his orgasm, when he pulled out and stepped back.

'That's quite enough of that,' he said, his voice slightly shaky. He coughed, regained his composure and said, 'Go and bend over the pool table, and don't move 'til I come back.'

I did as he ordered, pretty sure what he had in mind for me. My cock was like an iron bar, trapped between my belly and the polished wood of the pool table. I was desperate for relief, but I had the feeling I would only be allowed to come on Dylan's terms.

In moments, he returned. He had taken the opportunity to strip completely,

and I couldn't help but admire the flatness of his stomach and his firm arse cheeks as he moved around the room. As he came closer, I saw he was holding a bottle of lube.

He positioned himself behind me, close enough that I could feel the length of his body pressing against mine. His cock was rigid, proving he was just as excited by I was at the thought of what was going to happen.

'I know mine isn't going to be the first cock you've had up your arse,' he murmured, his voice oddly seductive, 'but I'll bet it's the biggest.'

I knew he spoke the truth. Nothing I had taken, apart from my very favourite dildo, matched Dylan in terms of length. 'You're winning a lot of bets today, sir,' I replied.

'Well, from now on your arse is mine. Do you understand?'

'Yes, sir. Whatever you decide, sir.'

In the pause that followed, I heard the sound of the cap being flipped open on the lube bottle, then felt something cool and greasy being smeared over my arsehole. I shuddered with anticipation, clutching at the pool table surround. Dylan's finger, similarly greased, pressed against my entrance. Feeling a slight resistance, he pressed again. I relaxed, and his finger disappeared inside me to the knuckle.

Gradually, he worked that finger deeper. When I was accustomed to the feel of it, he let a second join it. He must do this to his wife, I thought. That's how he knows to take it slow and easy.

Once he'd loosened me up, he pulled his fingers out, my ring clutching at them as though reluctant to let them leave me. I heard the bottle being opened again, and this time I knew it was his cock he was lubing up.

I thought I was prepared, but when I felt his cockhead, crowned with that shiny gold ring, pushing into my rear passage, I almost lost it. I kept my cheek pressed against the smooth baize of the pool table as he entered me in a series of slow, forceful thrusts. Finally, I felt his pubes prickling my skin and knew he was in as deep as he could go.

As he started fucking me, I realised what he'd said about his piercing was true. I really could feel that ring moving inside me as he sawed back and forth. It must have been adding something to the sensations he was experiencing, but I didn't ask. Couldn't ask. I was past the point of coherent speech, lost in the feeling of being so beautifully reamed.

I'd always known Dylan was fit, but he showed a stamina even I wouldn't have expected of him, given the workout he'd had on the football pitch that afternoon. He kept fucking me 'til both of us were sweating and breathless, and every fibre in my body was ready to give in to an orgasm which I was sure would tear me apart.

Still, it was Dylan who reached his crisis first, spearing me with one final hard thrust as he muttered, 'I'm going to come in your tight chute.' He held me still as his cock spat its load inside me, then pulled out, leaving me bereft, but

only for an instant.

I could feel his semen beginning to ooze out of me as he reached round and took hold of my cock. His touch was swift and sure, and in no time at all I was coming, drops of pearly spunk splattering the leg of the pool table

Shattered, I sagged against the table, murmuring, 'Thank you, sir,' over and over.

After we had recovered, Dylan decided it was time he showed me his home cinema, though he demonstrated its superb sound and picture quality by sticking the latest Bond film into the DVD player and watching it while using me as his private footstool, his size twelves, shod once more in those heavy boots, resting in the small of my back.

Once the film was over, he ordered curry from his favourite restaurant. When it arrived, I had to serve him his meal, then eat my own share of chicken jalfrezi and pilau rice from a bowl on the kitchen floor, down on all fours like a dog. Whatever he asked me to do, I did, the whole time sporting an erection which simply wouldn't go down.

That night, I slept at the end of his bed and, in the morning, he took my arse again, more slowly and tenderly than in the pool room.

Afterwards, he told me to go and take a shower while he made breakfast, and that was when I knew the game was over and something approaching normality had been restored. Though how anything could quite go back to normal after the things Dylan and I had done together I wasn't sure.

'I have to say,' Dylan said as he forked up scrambled eggs and beans, 'I never thought you'd let me go quite as far as I did. To be honest, I thought you'd call a halt when I told you to take your underwear off.'

'I very nearly did,' I admitted, 'but I knew if I backed out then, I'd never get another chance to find out if you lived up to my fantasies.'

'And did I?' Dylan asked.

I said nothing, but the huge grin which spread across my face gave him his answer.

Once we'd washed the dishes Dylan called a taxi to take me home, and I went to hunt out my kit bag. It seemed so long since I had stepped into the showers at the recreation ground and set this whole adventure in motion.

'Come over again in the week,' Dylan said, leaning in through the cab window. 'We'll play more pool.' I knew what that meant, and I knew he intended to keep practising 'til he could beat me fair and square, then take control of me again. But what, I wondered, would happen if I won? What would I make him do? I settled back against the worn leather seat of the taxi and began to daydream of all the wonderful possibilities.

Aduniad

by Celyn Lleuad

‘Home again, home again,’ Trevor said, as he entered his flat, turning the lights on.

‘Jiggety-jig,’ Max muttered. He closed the door and locked it, dropped his bag, then reached for Trevor. ‘Trev...’

‘I know,’ Trevor said, but he put a hand on Max’s shoulder. His other hand came up and pulled the elastic out of Max’s hair, dropping it on the floor before his fingers got tangled up with it. Trevor leaned in and licked at Max’s lower lip, then thrust his tongue into his mouth.

Max returned the kiss, dragging Trevor close and working one hand up under Trev’s shirt, the other into a back pocket. A minute or so later, he let his head fall back. ‘Trev, can we – I wanna...’

‘Shh,’ Trevor said, his hands on Max’s arse, bringing their erections together. ‘You’ve been so good, Max.’

‘I wanna go to bed,’ Max said, wriggling against Trevor. ‘Please, c’mon, I have been good, you promised.’

‘What did I promise?’ Trevor asked, squeezing.

Max made a pleased noise. ‘You promised you’d make it good. You promised you’d fuck me, you promised me a treat, you promised that we could stay in bed all weekend,’ he said, his tone matter-of-fact rather than whiny. He rolled his pelvis, the fly of his jeans rubbing over Trevor’s. ‘You promised me all that if I did exactly as you said, and I did. I didn’t play with my prick, I managed not to come during the two wet dreams I started to have, and I sent you pictures and texts. I did everything like you said.’

‘You did,’ Trevor agreed, then tipped his head and kissed Max, slow and teasing. ‘You’re still so impatient.’

‘I just don’t wanna waste time,’ Max muttered. ‘Bad enough I have to take the train down here.’

‘I know,’ Trevor said, softly, then kissed him again.

Max opened his mouth and let Trevor have his way, rucking Trevor’s shirt up and rubbing his palms over exposed skin, before trying to get the other man’s jeans open.

‘Max,’ Trevor said, stepping back from him.

‘Please?’ Max opened his eyes wide and bit his lip, tilting his head so his hair fell across his face. ‘Maybe you’d rather I do this,’ he said. Max dropped to his knees and opened his mouth.

‘Get the fuck off the floor, Max,’ Trevor said, tugging at the shoulder of his jumper. ‘Now.’

Max got up, grinning as Trevor closed a hand around his wrist and dragged him through the flat, into his room. ‘Now what?’

‘What d’you think?’ Trevor said, rolling his eyes and waving his hands. ‘Get naked!’

He peeled his clothes off, then threw himself across Trevor's bed, scrabbling at the pillows. Max stuffed two of them under himself, pulling his knees up so that there could be no question as to what he expected from Trevor.

'It's times like this I'm tempted to use a word that I don't normally apply to anyone, man or woman,' Trevor said, as he got undressed.

'What's that?' Max said.

'Slut,' Trevor said, after a short pause. 'Except that you're not one.'

'Oh,' Max said. 'Huh...I guess you could, if you really wanted to.'

'I don't really want to,' Trevor said, 'I'm just sort of tempted.' He opened the drawer of his bedside table and fetched a condom and a bottle of lube. 'Do you want me to? We've never really talked about that part of things. A lot of times, the people doing the ordering call the one taking orders all kinds of names.'

'No,' Max said firmly, shaking his head. 'No, I don't want that.' He fidgeted with the edge of a pillowcase for a few seconds. 'I've heard enough of that kind of thing. It wouldn't be...'

'Name-calling goes on the extremely-not-sexy list, sure,' Trevor said. 'And pardon my fail, ta.' He knelt on the bed behind Max, spread him open, then lowered his head and drew his tongue from bottom to top by way of apology.

Max groaned and tried not to move. 'That's so gross and wrong and it feels good, which is also wrong,' he said.

'You took a shower before you left for the station,' Trevor said. 'You told me.'

'Yeah, but that doesn't – fuck,' Max said, as Trevor did it again. 'Trevor...'

'And I know you're kind of obsessive about washing before you get here,' Trevor said.

'I'm not gonna be able to kiss you until you brush your teeth,' Max said. 'Twice. You know – oh fuck – that, right?' Trevor had licked him again, but instead of one long stripe, he'd stopped right there and was flicking the tip of his tongue against sensitive skin. Max shifted, trying to decide if he really thought Trevor should stop.

Trevor swirled his tongue against Max, then teased at him for another few moments before he sat up. 'Gonna start with two,' he said, letting go of Max's arse. He slapped him, once on each side, then picked up the lube.

'Please,' Max said, leaning over and grabbing another pillow. He wedged it under his chest. 'Uh, Trev?'

'What? Gonna be cold,' he said, then slid his fingers between Max's buttocks.

Max grumbled and shifted again. 'Actually, there are...you could call me some things, like slut, or maybe bitch or punk. Other things, like ponce or poof, no, but...'

'Huh,' Trevor said, giving his hand a bit of a twist. 'I just noticed something interesting about the words you picked out.'

'What?'

‘They all work best with a pronoun attached,’ he said.

‘Yeah?’ Max blinked and thought about it. ‘Huh.’

‘My slut,’ Trevor said. ‘My bitch, my punk. But if I called you, say, fuckmeat—’

Max laughed and shook his head. ‘That’s just not gonna do it on so many levels,’ he said.

‘Exactly,’ Trevor said, and started to stretch Max. ‘Well, that and I’m just...Every time I try to read something where the Dom is shouting at their sub, or watch something that’s got shouting in, I just...can’t imagine doing that. It seems like a lot of work to be that pissed off all the time, I think, and it never sounds or looks like anyone’s having a good time.’

‘Gettin’ shouted at just pisses me off,’ Max said, doing his best to go boneless, ‘but you already knew that. May we change the subject?’

‘What do you want to talk about instead?’ Trevor kept up his steady ministrations, wondering about the way Max had phrased the question.

‘What’re we gonna do tomorrow?’ ‘Cause even though I said I wanted to stay in bed all weekend...’ Max shrugged. ‘Anyhow. Anything interesting happening?’

‘I dunno,’ Trevor said, withdrawing his hand to add more lube. ‘I didn’t look anything up, but we can after we’re done here. I’d planned to give you your treat after tea, so there’s that.’ He slid his fingers into Max, as deep as they’d go, finding just the right spot and giving it a lingering caress.

‘Oh, yeah, my – fuck,’ Max said, twitching a little as he tried desperately to stay still. ‘My treat. I wanna ask, but I’m not gonna.’

Trevor curled his fingers again, smiling as Max groaned. ‘I really appreciate the fact that you’re honest with me, Max,’ he said. ‘About pretty much everything.’

Max was quiet for a minute. ‘Y’know...You’re kinda the only person,’ he said, his voice soft, ‘that I can be.’ ‘Specially about stuff like...this.’

Trevor sighed and shook his head. ‘Christ Jesus, Max, you—’

‘And, you know, the whole making my fortune through selling video-game money thing,’ he added.

He knew Max was trying to lighten the mood, so he tucked it away to think about later. ‘Hold still,’ Trevor said, and pulled his fingers out of the young man once more.

‘Now what?’ Max didn’t hold still, but as he was only rearranging the pillows, he figured he was safe. He heard the drawer open and close; he closed his eyes in anticipation of getting fucked.

‘Now,’ Trevor said, ‘you tell me whether you’d like this.’ He pressed the back of the brush he’d retrieved against the inside of Max’s thighs.

‘Oh,’ Max said, moving his knees apart. ‘Yes, please, Trevor. I’d like it very much. Would you please give it to me?’

‘You ask so nicely,’ Trevor said, swatting him, ‘that I can’t possibly say no to my slut.’

‘Just you,’ Max said. ‘I know. Slut means y’sleep with anything that moves, but I’m not – I can’t–’

‘I know,’ Trevor said, and swatted him again. ‘Hence the word my.’

‘OK,’ Max said. ‘Trev?’

Another swat. ‘What?’

‘Maybe this isn’t the best time, but...’ Max took a deep breath. ‘Maybe, uh...Trev? You don’t... I’m...the only...’

‘I’m not seeing, dating, fucking, spanking, or, y’know,’ another, sharper, blow, ‘ordering around anyone else,’ Trevor said. ‘Is that what you wanted to know?’

‘Uh-huh,’ Max said. ‘Um, thanks. May I have another?’

‘Another what?’ Trevor said, lowering the brush to pink skin.

‘Um,’ Max said. He closed his eyes. ‘Your – your slut wants to be...spanked. Harder. Please.’ He hated the word ‘spank’ and all of its forms. It sounded so childish, and he wasn’t a child; wasn’t interested in even pretending to be one. Asking Trev to hit him, however, made it sound like he wanted to be beaten up, even though the two of them knew that’s not what he meant.

‘Do you, now,’ Trevor said.

‘Yes please,’ Max said. ‘Sir.’

‘Oh, don’t grovel,’ Trevor said, poking him with the end of the brush. ‘Just a second.’ He put the brush on Max’s lower back and went back to his bedside table.

Five seconds later, Trevor was behind him again and there was a timer lying beside his left hand.

‘Set that for two and a half minutes, please,’ Trevor said.

‘Sure,’ Max said, and did. ‘Ready?’

Trevor picked up the brush and nodded, despite the fact that Max couldn’t see him. Habits. ‘Ready,’ he said.

‘Go,’ Max said, and pressed the button marked ‘Start’.

The sound of the brush hitting Max’s skin was loud, punctuated by the occasional hiss or grunt from the young man. Trevor distributed his blows as evenly as he could, as fascinated as always at the way Max’s arse changed colour.

Max pulled the pillows away from his cock, then lowered his head and shoulders. He could move a little, now, but whatever moving he did wouldn’t put him in danger of coming before time.

‘Trev?’

‘What?’

‘I like it when you’re inside me when I come. That’s kinda...girly, innit?’ Max discovered he was rocking and made himself stop.

‘Dunno,’ Trevor said. ‘Maybe it just means–’ The strident beeping of the timer interrupted him.

Max pressed the ‘Cancel’ button and the alarm shut off. ‘Maybe it means what?’ he said.

‘Maybe it just means you’re a complete and utter bottom, that’s all,’ Trevor said. He traded the brush for the lube. ‘I mean, you’re always wanting me to fuck you, so...’

‘Yeah,’ Max said. ‘That’s probably it. Makes sense, anyway.’

Trevor opened the lube and re-slicked his fingers. ‘You want me to dress you up pretty? Call you Princess?’

‘I dunno,’ Max said, reaching back and holding himself open. ‘Hate the name Maxine, though.’

‘I’d probably just call you Adenydd,’ Trevor said, pressing his fingertips into Max. ‘Thank you.’

‘That’d be a little weird,’ Max said, letting his hand fall away as Trevor entered him. ‘I think maybe I should have a different girl’s name.’

‘Megan? Merydydd?’ Trevor pushed deeper with each name. ‘Branwen? Morgana?’

‘Not Morgana,’ Max said, shaking his head. ‘Makes me think of King Arthur.’

‘Heh,’ Trevor said. ‘OK, how about...Cymreiges? Or maybe Eneuawg?’

‘Where the fuck do you get these names?’ Max asked, peering over his shoulder at the other man. ‘Ene– Euni– hell, whatever that last one was.’

‘One of the very few perks of my day job is the fact that I have access to a huge database full of names. Most of ’em are dead common, like the million John Thomases alone, but some of the weirder ones I write down,’ Trevor said, then pressed his fingers down and over just the right spot.

‘Oh-oh-kay,’ Max said, curling a little as he tried to get more of the sensation. ‘Right, you told me that once. How about something a little more middle-of-the-road?’

‘Hm, maybe...Isolde? Or Delia? I’ve always kind of liked Delia,’ Trevor said, and brushed the place again.

Max moaned and arched his back. ‘Delia would be OK,’ he said. ‘Or Isolde. Delia Isolde...Something. Thomas.’

‘You’re giving this a lot of thought,’ Trevor said, withdrawing his hand to add lube to his third finger.

‘It’s...Just having a first name feels, I dunno, unfinished or something,’ Max said. ‘It’s like it’s...lonely or something.’

Trevor slid his fingers into Max again, pausing to carefully stretch him. ‘I can see how that might be. And you’re into RPGs, so of course you’d want a whole name and story for any playing you might do,’ he said.

‘Maybe, yeah,’ Max said. ‘God, you’ve got three – Trev, you’re gonna fuck me soon, right?’

‘Sooner or later, yeah,’ Trevor said, then slapped his hip. ‘You remember when I told you about the picture I had in my head of you and me in the car-park?’

‘Yeah,’ Max said. ‘Why?’

‘Cause I’ve got another picture in my head,’ Trevor said. ‘Tomorrow, we’re gonna go out an’ get some stuff to make it real.’

‘OK,’ Max said. ‘If you want.’

‘Yeah, I want. I really want.’ Trevor sat up and smacked his hip again, twisting his other hand as he did. ‘And now, I also want to know if you’re ready to get fucked.’

‘God, yes,’ Max said. ‘So ready to be fucked, please.’

‘You want it as you are, or you wanna turn over?’

‘I wanna turn over.’

‘Sure,’ Trevor said, and withdrew his hand again. ‘You get set up and I’ll be right back, OK?’

‘Gonna brush your teeth?’ Max said, then laughed as he got another slap for it.

While Trevor was gone, Max put the brush and the timer away, made sure the lube and the condom were conveniently located on the top of Trev’s bedside table, turned on the lamp, and peeled back the covers. He got back into bed, rearranged the pillows again, and settled in to wait.

Trevor came back and turned off the overhead light, then crossed the room to stand beside his bed, looking down at the other man.

‘What?’ Max said. He drew his hand over his cock, then pinched his nipples. ‘Don’t like the view?’

‘I was just trying to decide if I wanted to take a picture,’ Trevor said.

‘Oh, well,’ Max said, folding his hands behind his head and stretching his legs out, lifting his hips a little. ‘I suppose I can wait a minute longer.’

‘Exhibitionist,’ Trevor said, then fished around in his pockets until he came up with his phone. The digitized sound of a shutter was loud in the dimness. ‘Put your hand – yeah. Hold still.’ Another snap. ‘And now I’m tired of just looking at you.’

‘Good, ’cause I’m tired of posing for you,’ Max said, as Trevor crawled onto the bed and him. ‘I’m not gonna kiss you–’

‘I brushed twice, including my tongue, and used Listerine straight,’ Trevor said, bumping his nose against Max’s.

‘Thank God,’ Max said, and pulled Trevor down into a kiss. It had a bit of fight to it, but it lacked the anger and impatience of their earliest kisses; Max hummed as Trevor bit down on his lower lip. He pulled his knees up and put his legs around Trevor’s waist, one hand feeling for the bottle and the packet he’d set out.

Trevor pulled Max’s arm back, pinning it against the mattress as they continued to kiss. After a bit, he lifted his head. ‘So, tell me, Max,’ he said.

‘I want you to fuck me,’ Max said, promptly. ‘I want your cock inside me, Trev, please, soon.’

He nuzzled at the side of Max’s neck. ‘And I wanna fuck you. Aren’t you lucky?’

Max squeaked, rolled up against Trevor. 'Yeah,' he said, 'so lucky, but luckier when you do.'

'I can't wait any more,' Trevor said, then shoved himself upright. 'Hold still.'

'Please,' Max said, putting his hands behind his knees and pulling them higher, wider. When he heard the snap of the lube's cap, he sighed. 'Please.'

'You're getting close to rules two and three,' Trevor said, opening the condom. He rolled it into place and stroked lube over it.

'I'm not whining,' Max said, doing his best to make the statement true. 'I'm just encouraging, that's all. Really.'

'Forget it,' Trevor said, getting himself into position. 'All I want to know is what you want.'

'I want you to fuck me,' Max said, letting go of his legs.

'You want this? You want me to fuck your arse?' Trevor leaned forward, the head of his cock pushing at Max.

'Yeah,' Max said, putting his hands up on Trevor's shoulders. 'Please, God, just fuck me.'

Trevor leaned down and kissed Max. 'Relax,' he said. 'Just lemme – yeah,' he said, as he felt Max's body yield to him.

'Trev,' Max said, running his hands over the man's biceps, 'Trev, you're inside...'

'It was what you wanted,' Trevor pointed out, letting himself ease just a bit deeper. 'What I wanted, too.'

'I know,' Max said, looking up at him. 'It's just...y'know, finally.'

'Yeah.' Trevor shifted his weight back, then forward again, blinking as Max's palms smacked against his chest. 'What—'

'Wait, wait, Trev—' Max squirmed a little. 'I just need a second.'

'Sorry,' Trevor said, and pulled out completely. 'Lemme get some more, what'd I – oh, there it is.'

'It's been a while, and I've only done a couple of fingers, and even then I can't get much of 'em, so...' Max shook his head.

'It's not your fault,' Trev said, as he spread Max open with one hand and applied lube with the other. 'I should have been thinking about something besides how much I want to be as far up your arse as I can get.'

'Yeah,' Max said, and bit his lip to hide his smirk as Trevor swatted him again. 'C'mon, get your prick back where it belongs, OK?'

'Pushy,' Trevor said, even as he eased the head of his cock into the close heat of Max's body. 'If you need something say so.'

'Yeah,' Max said, twining his arms and legs around Trevor. He traded words for half-voiced noises of encouragement or discomfort, shifting as he was penetrated.

When he was in as far as he could go, Trevor kissed him, slow and a bit sweet. 'Y'know how long I've been waiting to be here?' he said, lifting a hand to Max's face.

‘Six weeks?’ Max said, then licked at Trevor’s mouth.

He followed Max’s mouth back down and made an affirmative noise into it, into the kiss. Afterward, he eased back, out, up. ‘‘Bout that, yeah,’ he said. ‘Put you on the train an’ wanted you back.’

‘Uh-huh,’ Max said, his eyes closed, chin up, throat exposed. ‘Didn’t wanna go.’

‘I know,’ Trevor said, easing into Max again. A roll of his hips and he caught the resultant moan between his lips, passing it back as Max shifted and he somehow slipped just a fraction of an inch deeper.

He lost track of time as they worked through the initial stretch of acclimation and anticipation; it was work, he was panting with the effort of keeping his movements slow and steady. ‘Max?’

‘Yeah,’ Max said, flicking a drop of sweat off the end of Trev’s nose.

‘You ready?’ Trevor raked a hand through his hair, making it all stand on end.

‘You look like a surprised haystack,’ Max said, instead. He grinned and got his fingers into Trevor’s hair, which did nothing to change its appearance. ‘Fuck me already, Trev.’

Trevor muttered something about the word ‘haystack’ as he eased himself out of Max once more. ‘I’m gonna,’ he said, then put his hands under Max’s lower back and thrust into him.

‘Good, good,’ Max said, tightening his legs around Trevor, moved his hands over damp skin to rest them on Trevor’s forearms.

‘I waited too,’ Trevor said, as he slid back. ‘Tuesday was the first time I came in three weeks.’

‘What?’ Max’s surprise was washed from his face by pleasure, Trevor hitting him just right as he thrust into him again. ‘Why?’

He shifted away. ‘‘Cause it wouldn’t have been fair,’ Trev said, making circles with his hips as he slipped deep.

‘Quit teasin’, please,’ Max said. ‘Fair? But...’

‘Later,’ Trevor said, and gave Max what they both wanted. Long steady thrusts grew shorter as Max moved to meet him, as Max’s self-possession was stripped away by his desire.

‘Trev,’ Max gasped, ‘Trev, I need – I want, I wanna touch–’

‘Fuck, do it,’ Trevor said, his eyes closed against the sweat running out of his hair. ‘Come for me.’

Max squeaked again and shook the sheet from his hand, then wrapped it around his cock. ‘God, Trev, please,’ he said, then started stroking himself.

The feeling of Max’s hand against his belly startled a moan from Trevor, gave him another push. ‘Not gonna be long,’ he said.

Max shifted, his hand working over hot skin, sucking air through his teeth. ‘Fuck, Trev, please, please, I need – I’m–’

‘Come for me,’ Trevor said, breathless, barely moving as he concentrated on

tipping Max over the edge. 'C'mon, Max, do it, come.'

'Trev,' his voice was a high tight thing, as taut as his body, and when Trevor moved just right one last time that tension snapped like thin ice. Max shuddered and cried out, arching, his free hand closing tight around Trevor's forearm.

Their bodies came together with a small slapping noise as Trevor drove toward his own climax, lost to everything but his own need. It didn't take him long, a half-dozen quick thrusts. 'God, Max, Max,' he said, then his fingers dug into Max's hips and he groaned, his own hips jerking as he came. He slumped over, onto Max, breathing hard.

Max lifted his head and kissed him, nipping at his lips in a desultory sort of way.

'I should get offa you,' Trevor mumbled, then kissed him back.

'Mm-hmm,' Max hummed at him. After a bit, he turned his head. 'My feet are freezing.'

'Yeah,' Trevor said, and levered himself up. 'I'm pleased to see you, by the way.'

Max laughed. 'It was kinda hard to tell,' he said. 'Glad you mentioned it.'

Trevor sighed happily as he disentangled himself from Max. 'I'll be right back,' he said.

'I'm not gonna go anywhere, 'cept maybe to sleep,' Max said, pulling his knees up and turning onto his side.

'Wait for me to come back before you do,' Trevor said, poking him in the arm.

'Yeah,' Max said, just before he covered a huge yawn. 'Hurry up.'

'Rule three,' Trevor said, mildly, and left the bed.

'Yeah, yeah,' Max muttered. He closed his eyes, just wanting to rest them for a second or two.

'You still awake?' Trevor said.

'Yeh!' Max said, opening his eyes wide, startled.

'Oh, go to sleep, wanker,' Trevor said, his tone affectionate, as he set about cleaning up.

Max mumbled a sleepy affirmative and was out like a light.

Automatic Transmission

by Alcamia

Automatic was an expert in auto-fellatio or maybe I should give it my own term, 'Auto-gym-fellatio'. Rumour had it he didn't need a regular lover since he had such an intimate relationship with his cock that lovers were superfluous. Well, Miss Nancy and I were determined to set out to prove the rumours were wrong.

Before I go any further, I'd better introduce Miss Nancy.

She was never a Mr Dick to me. She behaved just like a girl with the same whims and caprices. I enjoyed taking little Miss Nancy on salacious outings to see how she would react to new titillation. You could say Miss Nancy and I were naughty conspirators in an indulgent fantasy of porno-infatuated sleaze. I enjoyed feeding her thrills to wind her up and see how much I could arouse her and then we'd have the most amazingly intimate fuck session when we got home.

Mum didn't know about the close relationship I had with Nancy. She just wanted me to get a steady boyfriend and settle down à deux with a nice man I could eventually marry.

I was lucky with my mum because she was one in a million. When I 'came out', she was super cool about my lifestyle choice. She simply shrugged her shoulders and, kissing me, she said, 'I always knew you weren't into girls, Ellis. You were always a crazy kid. But don't be one of those promiscuous gays who have loads of affairs. Find a nice man to settle down with.' And then she shook back her long, bleached blonde hair and, giggling like a schoolgirl, dragged me out and bought me a cake to celebrate my new gay lifestyle.

This was a far cry I can tell you, from the day she walked in on me in flagrante delicto with Miss Nancy. I'd just turned 15 and I was sitting on the bed doing the splits with my head way down my penis. Well, mother should have knocked before she barged into my bedroom. 'Ellis. Whatever are you doing? You dirty boy!' She shrieked, the shock receding as she realised at that age I was being experimental. The trouble was, I played and performed with my own Miss Nancy a little bit more than I ought to.

I had a fair amount of emotional and romantic disasters and it was tough finding a guy I could love. But after all, I had Miss Nancy and Miss Nancy and I were a team. To be truthful, I didn't want to fall in love, I truly didn't, since romance as far as I could see was a battlefield; often messy and heartbreaking.

At that time, I frequented a crazy gay club in Soho and, within its embracing, nonjudgmental arms, I experienced a true brotherhood of forbidden pleasures. It was in this sexually saturated paradise of rubber- and PVC-clad bodies oozing kinky sex appeal and dancing to the throbbing beat of Auto's turntables, love sneaked up on me and I was struck by Cupid's arrow.

I'd been secretly infatuated with Auto for ages and it wasn't the idea of his agile hose which made me so amorous. Auto did unmentionable things to poor Miss Nancy and I was having trouble controlling my spunky female companion.

If you haven't already guessed, Auto was the club DJ. He was a dextrous,

double jointed, ex-dancer and circus performer and it was rumoured that his outstanding gymnastic limb was his super supple penis. Auto had charisma and sex appeal and strange proclivities in the auto-fellatio department. His thick black hair hung to his waist in a sleek curtain and, to me, he was the sexiest and most erotic guy alive. The thought of him contorting his limbs at strange angles in spangled lycra got me really wound up.

Auto wore skintight clothes, revealing every well honed muscle and bulge. He was the kind of self-obsessed queer I would normally have avoided, however he was sexy in a mean way and the attraction was the mutual interest we shared, and the two personalities we struggled to enslave.

Auto-fellatio had obsessed me since I was 13 when I knew I was different from other boys my age. All boys have little kinks. For straight guys, it's women's breasts or butts. If it's a gay guy, they're into great six packs or huge cocks. Well, me, I was intrigued by the hazy subculture of auto-fellatio.

I was incredibly agile, my contortions unveiling a wonderland of carnality which didn't rely on the ministrations of a partner, but the simple flexibility of my own physiology. It was more than a physical thrill, it was the spiritual gateway to sexual Nirvana, and sucking on Miss Nancy spun me into a mystical loop of potent eroticism.

The moment I began caressing and making love to Miss Nancy supercharged electrical energy pulsed from the tips of my hair to the ends of my toes and I felt like I'd been plugged into a biofeedback machine where each sensation was magnified. Soon, I learnt I could crank the desire up to such stratospheric proportions, my ejaculations assumed cosmic potency. As a result of this intense and off-the-planet relationship, I rapidly became ego and dick-centric and I found normal gay-boy sex, let alone true love, didn't measure up to my expectations.

One day, I found out Automatic had a lover called Claude Lefarge, and I was assaulted by a sickening bout of jealousy and the realisation Auto meant more to me than I'd first thought. It's amazing what a bit of competition can do. While Auto remained solo, I'd been cool and reckoned I didn't have to move in and prove any form of ownership. No, the only personality I'd had to contend with in Auto's affections was, Auto's flexible Mr Dick. Now though I was twisted up in knots.

Auto and I were both focused on self-gratification. After all, when you suck your own dick, you become ultra intimate with it to the point of self-consumption and, in no time, the dick itself assumes a personality. Then, it isn't simply about an appendage fronting the show, it becomes like a pet and you have it with you, 24-7. I can tell you, it's just as demanding as any dog. It whines for walkies and, above all, plenty of petting. In fact, where pleasure's concerned, it knows exactly what turns it on, and it demands it constantly. Occasionally, I had to resort to punishment with Miss Nancy because she could be a naughty girl, tugging at her leash and misbehaving. I muzzled her with cock rings and I wasn't above giving her a good spanking. Sadly, the punishment made her more bolshie, since she

loved a good spanking as much as she adored a good wanking. Frequently I chastised Miss Nancy. 'Just you wait until I get you home, Nancy. I'll have to punish you, you naughty girl.'

Yes! I guess I'm definitely dick-centred.

Auto made no secret he was a master of kinky masturbation and his exes gossiped about his prodigious sexual appetite and strange predilections and made no end of snide remarks about him being weird and wacky. But I didn't just fancy him because we had such a queer relationship in common. No, I had the distinct impression that with Auto I'd met my soulmate. In my fantasies Auto touched and fondled me and teased me with long, lingering, tongue-thrusting kisses before engaging in some scintillating acrobatic sex.

We were a match made in heaven. I saw in him a dirty fellow conspirator with the same demanding friend as myself, so how could we not get on? I understood him and I shared the same relationship with my dick as Automatic did with his. It was all about dick, and I don't just mean the name Richard.

In my wildest dreams, Auto and I, exchanged vows and yes, we even slipped love tokens on one another's fingers.

I became prone to melancholy musing. Surely Claude wouldn't last for long, would he? It was common knowledge Auto had a limited attention span with lovers. He only had space for one serious relationship in his life.

Auto exerted a powerful aphrodisiacal bewitchment over Nancy who became an uncontrollable Jezebel at the sight of Auto's slick musculature. I lost count of the number of times I had to head for the men's room to give her her head.

I realise it's filthy but inside empty cubicles I went solo, jerking-off to delicious fantasies of auto-fellatio sex, as Miss Nancy had her wicked way.

Actually, it was through the machinations of flirtatious Miss Nancy, I devised a cunning plan to win Auto's heart.

One night, I dressed in my expensive leather jeans and a trendy mesh vest, then, inserting my diamond nipple ring and giving myself a last air kiss in the mirror, I was ready to do business. Although I hate to admit it, I'm quite a looker and I always get my fair share of lusty glances. I'm a cool, attractive boy. I work out, take care of myself and I have rather sexy green eyes.

This particular evening, Claude watched me for a while and then, approaching me with his glass in his hand, he sat down. 'Forget it,' he said shortly. 'I ditched him. The guy's as weird as they come. You're wasting your energy, Ellis. He's a self-obsessed freak.'

'You're bitter 'cause you couldn't hang on to him,' I replied briskly.

'Hey, man. When you're with a guy who's obsessed with nothing but his own dick, it gets you down. If you know what I mean.' He grinned at the pun.

Yes, I did know what he meant. I was so charged up, my spine exploded and I almost came in my pants.

Automatic was watching me thoughtfully, his gaze flickering repeatedly to my jeans. He kept touching his crotch and rubbing his balls. I'm sure he did it so I

could see. Soon, he came up to me and asked me to dance.

‘Ellis.’ He said, caressing my nipple through my T-shirt and twisting his finger fiercely in my nipple ring. ‘I think there’s a thing or two you want to ask me. So, spit it out. You want to know about my dick. You’re into this auto lark, and you’ve heard about my speciality? Want to see how it works? We could go back to my place and I could give you a private show. When I was in Tokyo, I was in the theatre for a while and I got to play with my personal little toy all the time. Shit, Dick gave me a constant boner. I’d dress my little pal up in these fake personalities and exhibit it. It had the good girl chick personality, and the bad boy dick personality. It wore suits and I got a thrill out of painting it. The thing is, the puppetry lark didn’t do it for me, for long. I didn’t get off on it. There’s nothing like fucking my own dick. If it had legs and arms, I’d date it myself.’

Winking at me, Auto gave his cock a tweak. ‘I’ve yet to find a lover who can thrill me as much as my piece. We’re joined at the hip if you get my drift. I dig the taste and the feel of it. It’s far-out. Want me to give you a demo? I’m the auto transmission expert and I could make you so horny. Pretty please!’ He batted his dark eyelashes at me and I fell forward into dangerous desire.

‘Of course, the real kick is having guys watching me, or me teaching them how to do it. I once thought of running a course on the internet. Auto’s course in, “Automatic Transmission”. Reckon that’s cool?’

‘You’d make a bomb. Maybe you could teach me a thing or two.’ I quipped as my gaze lingered thirstily on Auto’s lips, before slipping to his crotch. He had amazingly full lips rather like a young Mick Jagger, and I could imagine their valvular friction on Miss Nancy. Hey, what about if we introduce them? Our cocks I mean. They’d get on like a house on fire.’

‘You wouldn’t be taking the piss, would you, Ellis?’ Auto gripped me tightly, brutally assaulting my mouth with a thorough kiss before pushing out the table a fraction so he could study the effect his plunder had on buxom Miss Nancy. Lounging back, legs apart, I gave him a good look at my boner, which was welling up between the teeth of my broken zipper.

‘Shit!’ Auto whispered. ‘I never met another guy so hooked into my mindset. I could really get off on you, Ellis. The trouble is, the relationship’s the most important thing, and that’s not up to me. It’s Mr Dick who has the final word. Mr Dick either says nada, or he rises to the occasion and says, go, go, go.’

I was in Heaven. So, here was Mr Dick. I knew eventually Nancy would find a depraved playmate like Mr Dick to cavort with. As Nancy surged in excitement at the lure of such a limber date, Auto leant forward, sucking on my earlobe. ‘Come on, babe, play along. Christ, I love a bit of role play and I can tell you enjoy it too.’

I reckoned I ought to assert my personality right away.

‘It’s great. But it’s not up to your Dick. It’s up to Miss Nancy. You can’t force a girl to do what a girl doesn’t want to do. This isn’t one of those arranged marriages.’ I fondled Nancy invitingly. ‘Mr Dick will have to ask Miss Nancy on

a date, and, if she agrees, Bob's your uncle.'

'Hey, I like you. You're funny. Let me buy you a drink.' Auto grinned.

And lust was born.

We danced very closely. I matched my body to Auto's, pressing my skin to his as we moved to the slow sensuous pulse of a weighty African beat. I could smell Auto's skin and his exotic hair gel and his teasing lips felt great on my cheek, while he Dick and Miss Nancy got acquainted.

Auto was extremely flexible indeed. I could sense the possibilities beneath his skin-tight leather pants and I couldn't get enough of his sinuous hip twists and gyrations. In fact, Auto made me so horny I had trouble controlling Miss Nancy's desires. Nancy was like a killer dog on a leash, she kept straining for Dick, but naturally my thick jeans stopped her. I could feel her anxious, ballsy thrusting and she was rearing to go as I slipped my hands down beneath Auto's belt and rubbed his buttocks.

'Come back to my place, Ellis.' There was a demonic glint in Auto's eyes.

'We could ask Miss Nancy.' I said, smoothing the bulge in my pants.

'What does Miss Nancy say, Ellis? Dick sure wants to know.' Auto gave me a sly sideways glance.

'Miss Nancy says...let's get it on.'

Several times on the way back to his apartment, Auto manoeuvred me into a doorway and kissed me, his tongue as sensually dextrous as his cock and his fingers coaxing my nipples as we engaged in some crotch to crotch rubbing. Dick was going crazy for Miss Nancy and Auto had to go along with it.

Auto had a stylish flat in Bayswater. It was funky and tasteful. The decor starkly minimalist in black and white, with spotlit erotic prints, and photography by up-and-coming artists. All dick-oriented, of course.

'You know, Ellis, Mr Dick has trouble finding girls who understand his proclivities.' Auto said, his gaze impaling mine. 'And, to be honest, I kinda freak people out if they're not on my wavelength. It's like Claude. Man, we couldn't get the chemistry together. It kinda has to have this deep spiritual thing with it and I need to connect, really connect on this deep level before I can fuck a guy. Anyway, in the end Claude had to go. He became this creepy needy creature who wanted his tool up my butt all the time, but I kept telling him I didn't do that, not until I felt deep with it. You see, Mr Dick's totally monogamous and he's the only one who gets a taste of the love tunnel, unless something comes along which gets his juices going. Then I reckon he could be persuaded.' Auto raised an eyebrow. 'Claude would grab me and try to shove it in all kinds of places. Course, Claude called me twisted. However, you and I know better. Don't we, Ellis?'

Pressing me into the soft fabric of his leather couch, Auto began to kiss me, without giving me a second to think about how much I wanted his dick investigating my orifices too. His tongue was as elastic as his penis and I gave in to a rollercoaster of fabulous sensations as he sucked and accosted my mouth. Not surprisingly, Miss Nancy was becoming impatient. The trouble is the thought of

watching Auto engaging in his penis acrobatics was turning us both on so much, we were like two virginal teenagers.

Auto had great delicacy of touch as he pinched and tweaked my nipples and pushed his hand down under my belt. I suppose he'd developed certain tactile sensitivities through constant practice with Mr Dick. Forming an intense bond with a part of your own anatomy forces an awareness of what titillates you, and what doesn't. I felt my cock threaten to spill. Naughty Miss Nancy. I wish she'd learn to contain herself.

'Shall we introduce them and then Dick can perform for Miss Nancy.' Auto was stroking my piece and jiggling my zipper playfully up and down.

'Sure, let me see if she's at home.'

'Oh, I can see she's at home.' Auto stared lasciviously at Nancy's escaping pink skin, before standing up and commencing a slow striptease out of his clothes.

He was beautiful and my heart contracted painfully. Auto's cock was mesmerising and all that exercise must have really suited it, because Dick was a specimen of thrusting, red blooded health. I gripped Miss Nancy fiercely. She was so inebriated by Mr Dick's acrobatics, I was sure I'd have to give her a good spank.

'Come on, where's Miss Nancy? Mr Dick's burning to make the lucky lady's acquaintance.' Gripping his pole in his fist Auto wagged it at me. 'Shall I paint him up and make him nice? Perhaps a lick of naughty boy lipstick or a little slick of hair gel? Or, will a bit of routine rough do it?' Auto was grinning licentiously.

By now, my mouth was dry and Nancy was rocking and rolling. Auto was giving me a ribald introductory performance, serving me a first class meal of steamy role play, and I was thrilling to it. For the first time in ages I was tongue-tied and so aroused I'd gone past the point of needing ejaculatory satisfaction, into a wonderland of tortured desire. Posing in front of me, Auto sucked in his belly and thrust out Mr Dick to his full extremity. Auto was a virtuoso and he had the flexibility of elastic. If you'd never seen it before, I can tell you all that contortion was sexually explosive. He could bend his body into any position you'd care to imagine, his balls and Mr Dick hanging like a woman's heavy pendant jewellery between his legs.

Miss Nancy was becoming increasingly sexually charged. The lower Auto bent to serve Mr Dick, the fuller she swelled, until I had to grip her tightly to stop her misbehaving.

Auto's tongue jabbed at Dick as, mesmerised, I watched his vacuum-like lips, pump up and down and Miss Nancy surged against my jeans begging to have her bit of fun. Auto continued to treat me to impossible convolutions of his fabulous toned limbs and flashes of peachy round buttocks until, finally, he made a screen of his thick black hair around Mr Dick, and using it as a curtain, he made Mr Dick pop in and out, and do a curtain call for Miss Nancy before, laughing, he tumbled me down on the couch.

'If you're wondering, I have fabulous control, Ellis, and Dick only does it on

command. Now get out shy Miss Nancy and ask her how she likes it? Hard or soft?’

Auto was slowly pushing up my mesh vest and had it off my shoulders before I’d even reached for my pants. ‘You’ve got to slow up.’ I croaked, as his teeth fastened onto my nipples. ‘You didn’t introduce them yet.’

‘Wow mega. You’re really playing the game, Ellis.’

Miss Nancy was up to her histrionics again, and my tool was so swollen my zipper wouldn’t budge. Auto clambered onto my hips, Mr Dick thrusting cheekily as he began kissing my navel ring. I gave up. Auto’s hands were much more expert than mine. He grabbed the zipper, jerking it down and searching inside to liberate Nancy.

Nancy wasn’t a happy girl. She sprang up rock hard, salivating and full of attitude, her plump little body quivering with pent up sexual anticipation. Auto kissed me seductively. ‘Ooh, I love your plump little Nancy, Ellis. She’s some girl and she’s doing things to me. Come on Dick,’ and his hand fastened on his tool. ‘Give Nancy a kiss.’ And Auto held him against Miss Nancy, as he bent his tool this way and that caressing and fondling my girl. ‘Watch Dick lube up, Ellis.’

It was more than I could bear, the arousal was overpowering and my balls were aching with tension.

Mr Dick and Miss Nancy were fairly civil in the beginning. Head rubbed body and they necked considerably. However, the friction finally got to Miss Nancy and she began to show some real attitude. It was no good, I simply had to grasp Mr Dick and get a feel of Nancy’s lover for myself. Lowering my head my mouth covered delicious Mr Dick.

‘What do you think you’re doing, Ellis?’

‘Come on, Auto. I can’t wait any longer.’

‘Are you mad?’ Auto was almost hysterical.

‘No not mad. Just so horny I could bust.’ I was beside myself with lust as I gripped Auto’s sinewy hips and once again prepared to lower my mouth. ‘I’ll suck you off. I’m good at it and, after that, you can do the same. I’m sure Dick fancies some deep throat. Or a little travel down my time tunnel.’ I wiggled my butt invitingly.

Auto glared at me. But much to my astonishment, now it was my turn I felt Mr Dick deflate in my hands.

‘See what you’ve done, Ellis? Why did you have to spoil it? I told you I don’t engage in transmission of bodily fluids until I feel the connection and, boy, it was coming it really was, but you’re rushing it and storming the fortress if you know what I mean?’

‘What?’ My heart plummeted. ‘Aren’t you going to make love to me? Properly, guy to guy.’

‘Shit! I mean, I’ll suck you off all you want, and that’ll be mighty nice, Ellis. We have to take our time over this though.’

Fondling Miss Nancy, he used her to pull me closer and then caressing me,

Auto plunged his tongue in my ear and squeezed my nipples with his fingers.

'I tell you, Ellis. If we take it a little slower, Miss Nancy will go wild for Mr Dick's performance and the end result will be...' He winked at me. 'Explosive. Good old deep throat and anal sex simply can't compete with that, can they?'

I was so disappointed, I could have left Auto's apartment, then and there. It appeared Claude was right. I loved Auto and I needed a certain amount of flesh on flesh to cement my profound feelings. But Auto was just too egocentric and too hooked into the pleasure of his own private jerk-offs to share his body and I was beginning to think he took perverse delight in teasing and torturing his lovers with lurid Mr Dick and his crazy, contorted antics.

'I'm leaving.' I said. 'Shit, I never met such a cock tease.'

'Hey, come on, don't go all huffy on me.'

'No.' I persisted. 'I like you Auto but this thing's killing me. I want a lover, a real flesh on flesh lover; I'm not only into matchmaking for Miss Nancy. That's just a game.'

'Hell, Ellis.' Auto looked hurt and in that instant something struck me. Maybe Auto wasn't such a wind-up merchant after all. Sure, he may be Auto, the master of Automatic Transmission. However, maybe he was also a regular guy with the same hang-ups and insecurities as anyone else. Showmen often are. Anyway, I couldn't resist. Love does strange things to a guy.

He drew me to him and kissed me gently while his hand executed tantalising rotations over my rump. 'Try me, let's give it a while.'

I had to admit Auto was jolly good with his tongue, and normally Nancy would have been off and salivating within seconds. This time though, some strange alchemy had taken place. Nancy slid inside his mouth, but although my jerk-off start button had been depressed, nothing happened. How peculiar. I'd not known this before. Nancy seemed to have gone shy on me.

One thing you have to know about Miss Nancy though is she's a perverted little Miss and it doesn't take long for her to forget a spat and get ultra horny again, and she simply loves making up after a quarrel. In moments, Miss Nancy was sexed-up and she rose to the occasion, hotter and ballsier than before.

And next. Holy Moses! I could hardly believe my eyes. Auto was sliding Mr Dick inside his anus as he grinned at me, giving 'ooh's and 'aah's, of pleasure, before he began bouncing frantically on the couch. 'Now, Ellis, why don't you shimmy on down and give Miss Nancy a suck. She sure looks like she's ready.' And she was.

The twist in Mr Dick's performance, and I mean twist, plus a few other heavenly contortions, had really depressed Miss Nancy's start button. Powering up, she was soon in overdrive. Bending my head and spreading my legs, I'd hardly got my lips and mouth on her sexy head, before I exploded.

Auto held out his arms. 'Come and give me a kiss, babe.'

I was more than happy to oblige. I licked his balls and Auto bounced harder on the bed, pushing Mr Dick further up his lubricious tunnel. When he came he

gripped me, and rolled me onto the bed laughing. 'Hey, Ellis, no one does it like me, do they?'

That was an understatement.

Six months down the line, Auto and I are still together and we're thinking about two rings with specially engraved designs on them, to seal our vows. Yep, it seems I managed to change Auto's state of mind and monogamous Mr Dick's decided he enjoys playing away from home rather more often than Auto anticipated. And, Miss Nancy, like any other fool in love, is ready to accept the caprices of her lover and so am I. Isn't love a funny thing?

Fisherman's Friend

by John Connor

The cock in front of my mouth appeared massive in the half-light coming through the grimy boathouse windows. Thick, full-veined, rigid and muscular – the foreskin had rolled itself back a little under the force of his eager erection, revealing the glorious purple top of his cockhead, the urethra's opening glistening with a large drop of clear precome. Not that I needed any more signs to tell me he was aroused.

Outside the boathouse there was just the sound of the late afternoon tide steadily coming in, and the occasional call of a seabird. Inside, the air was sharp with the smell of salt, seaweed, fish and diesel. But overriding those was the smell of Michael's hot and juicy cock.

Perversely, for a moment or two, I remembered how this had all begun.

Back in the December of last year I found out that Tony – my now thankfully ex-partner – had been having a string of casual sexual relationships without my knowledge. It had gotten to the point where he could no longer keep it a secret. He was caught one afternoon by an undercover police officer, which resulted in a court summons, with the charge being importuning in a public place. Arrested for cottaging without due care and attention as to who the fuck he was trying to have a quickie with.

Wonderful!

We had been together for six years, I had paid for him to go back to university and I didn't know that all that time he couldn't keep his cock in his knickers, or keep total strangers' cocks out of his arse.

When it all came to light I didn't even bother to confront him with it. I just changed the locks, threw his stuff out on the street, and then sold the house and moved. As in well away from the whole sorry mess of my life. As in hiding myself deep down in southern Cornwall.

'Is there something wrong with it?'

Michael's voice brought me back to reality. Looking up from my kneeling position on the concrete of the boathouse floor, I could see an innocent worry in his large brown eyes, even though the mass of dark red beard and hair made him look like some kind of 18th-century pirate. Bare-chested and wearing only ex-Army khaki work shorts and non-slip, rubber soled boots, his innocence and naivety was so endearing it almost hurt.

Gently I took hold of the base of his cock with my thumb and forefinger – slowly moving them up and down a little – before guiding his cock into my mouth.

I have to admit now that I'm no saint, and I have had more than just a few cocks in my mouth over the years, but Michael's cock was one of the thickest, hardest, and most satisfying I have ever sucked on. Wrapping my lips around the shaft, there was that delicious burst of salty sweat taste, which always makes my

mouth water, rapidly followed by the musky warm-damp smell of his balls and pubic hair filling my nose. Personal hygiene always was one of Michael's attractive strong points, but even I knew that, after a full day's work out on the boat, he would have generated a wonderful, enticingly heady man-smell.

Bobbing my head up and down a little, I pressed the flat of my tongue hard up against the underside of his shaft and held it there for a moment. Then, sucking firmly on the up-stroke, I pulled his foreskin back over the top of his cock. Without pausing to let him catch his breath, I deliberately dived in with the firm tip of my tongue and swirled it around, feeling it slide wonderfully between his foreskin and the head of his cock. His large hands fell onto my shoulders and I could feel his knees almost bucking at this new experience – and, for a moment or two, I thought he was actually going to prematurely blow his load down my throat there and then. But I eased off and let his cock slip out of my mouth. As the philosophers say, all things come to he who waits.

With his cock still pushed up against my face, I decided it was time to take a licking tour around his red-pubed balls. Without using my hands I brought my mouth down past the base of his shaft, parting my lips so as to carefully slip first one large testicle into my mouth, letting it slowly slide out, then doing the same with the other. And after mouthing his balls like that several times, I settled down to seriously sucking steadily on his ball sac again so as to massage his balls with my lips and mouth.

The effect on him was wonderful and his hands immediately gripped firmly on my shoulders to steady himself. There was only one thing left to do.

Moving back up a little, I put his cock firmly back in my mouth and worked vigorously on it for less than a minute or two, taking it as far down my throat as I could. Michael continued grabbing my shoulders and, from the sound of his heavy breathing, I knew he was really getting into it. Some more bobbing, sucking and licking and then I was rewarded with several massive, heaving grunts from Michael. And then my mouth was being flooded with his come – hot, thick gobbets of it, filling my mouth faster than I could swallow it, pushing itself out around his shaft to trickle down my chin. And all of it as salty as the water of the bay outside.

It took him a long time to recover from his orgasm. As I wiped my chin with his proffered handkerchief, then washed the taste of him down with a mouthful of bottled water, he admitted that it had been the first orgasm he had had for a long time. Then, bashfully, he had added it was also the very first time he had had oral sex performed by

another man.

I had bought the house on the bluff leading down to Pengallion Cove without knowing about fisherman Michael, his shore-side thatched cottage, or the daily sailing and fishing routine he strictly adhered to. My own plans had been to restart my old artistic career once more, trying to both capture the wilds, forceful beauty

of the sea, and also pay off some of the bloody bills by selling the canvases locally for whatever I could get.

Some days I would try and work on scenes which appealed to me from the top of the cliffs – braving the wind and sometimes the inclement weather in order to try and capture the fantastic light.

Other days I would go down to the shoreline and sketch pieces to take back to the house – thumbnails and half ideas from which I would build larger works from.

It was when I was sorting through the sketches, trying to decide which to throw away, that I found a sequence of them all featured a sail-powered fishing boat, bobbing about nearby. My curiosity made me ask around, but it was a month or so before I finally got some idea of who owned the boat, and was surprised to find out I wasn't quite as isolated as I thought I was.

Then, as they tend to say around here, a depression came in from the West and, for days, all I could think about was Tony. I kept remembering how we had supposedly planned our lives together, what we would do once he got his degree, and how all the time I had been taken for a ride. I would often start the day with every intention of finishing off some piece or another, only to spend most of it sitting on the sand in a director's chair, my portable canvas still blank, looking aimlessly out to the horizon for hours on end.

After several empty weeks of self pity, I finally decided I needed a change in my routine.

To that end, I bought a small Laser yacht from a sailing centre further up the coast, with the idea of sailing around until I found somewhere to settle down and paint, sketch or draw for the day. And I have to admit it had been doing me good – keeping my mind busy working the sailboat – and I was starting to produce watercolours and canvases again which were going for respectable sums of money.

That was until I had the accident. I had not been keeping an eye on the weather and, by lunchtime, I was battling against some awkward winds, when a rip current caught the boat and started to pull it rapidly towards the cliffs. Several times it felt as if I had almost lost control of the craft and, on finally sprinting round a rocky outcrop in the hope of sheltering in the lee of the cove, I had been pushed straight on to the anchor chain of Michael's much larger fishing vessel.

Needless to say, the Laser broke up and most of it sank in a matter of moments. Michael – horrified that I might get hooked up in debris or remains of my sail and dragged down – had hurriedly pulled me out of the water. Without giving me time to even catch my breath, he hustled me down below decks, and had almost smothered me in towels and spare clothing before disappearing to fire up the little galley and heat some water for a large pot of tea.

Tired, cold and exhausted, I peeled off my wet clothing, and started unselfconsciously to towel myself dry, rubbing my body down vigorously in order to get some circulation back. It was minutes before I realised that Michael was

standing there, a large steaming mug in each hand, staring at my body intently, as if he was mesmerised by it. After a moment, he realised I was watching him and, blushing profusely, he put the mugs on the table and disappeared back into the galley. In fact he had not come out from there again until he knew I was fully dressed again – albeit in his oversized shirt, jeans and jersey. It had been a while since anyone had taken more than a cursory glance at my body and, at that moment in time, it made me feel warm and secure.

As we waited for the weather to subside, we talked about the area and a little about ourselves – confirming that we were, in fact, neighbours, even though we were several miles apart. He seemed to fall silent as I told him about Tony, then I half thought I saw something in his face change as I then explained that Tony was definitely an ex.

Then it was my turn to ask him some questions. There was no ring visible on his finger, but I asked if he was married all the same. He said no, but then self-consciously explained that he was divorced. It had been an amicable settlement and, when his parents passed away, it had given him the money and impetus he needed to buy a fishing boat and try his hand at making a living out of it...

Curiously, from that storm-battered afternoon, our friendship strengthened and it was quickly obvious to me that he was not just some tall and well-built son of the sea. Underneath the mass of unkempt hair and beard was an educated, gentle, and caring man. And even this bitten and world-weary cynic started to feel the stirrings of an attraction towards him.

Left with no craft of my own, I took to helping him out on his daily fishing trips – line fishing for whatever was in season. Well, he would fish while I would get underfoot, then sketch for several hours from the whole new viewpoint offered by being on his small craft.

It was during those periods between setting his lines and pulling in his catch, that his seemingly unobtrusive yet subtle questioning would start – all the time encouraging me to talk about myself. When did I realise I was gay? How did I survive at school? Art College? Gradually working towards the more personal, such as did I remember my first time? How did I decide if I was a Top or a Bottom? Intelligent, as well as curious...

So it was that the next particularly memorable day had started off easily enough, but it had soon built itself up into a hard working one. The sun had been high and warm in an almost cloudless sky, fairly calm, and the mackerel were running well. It wasn't until the late afternoon had started to drift into early evening that we decided to house the boat for the day.

Once it was secured, on impulse, I had pulled off my sweaty polo shirt, kicked off my deck shoes and, wearing just a pair of white cotton shorts, I had run into the sea to cool off a little – laughing, waving and calling to Michael from the water. It was a good way to relax, but, try as I might, I couldn't seem to entice him to join me and I felt I had done something wrong when he abruptly turned and went back into the boathouse again.

Out of the water, I quickly jogged up the shingle and the little concrete slipway, shutting the large double slipway doors as I went, and made my way through to the workshop end of the boathouse.

Michael had his back to me, head bowed and shoulders hunched. Immediately, I sensed his discomfort but, for the life of me, I had no idea what it was that could be wrong. Moving around in front of him I could see his face was flushed and, following his downward gaze, I could see where his erection pressed hard against the front of his khaki working shorts.

In a quiet voice he mumbled, 'Sorry...'

Pulling his forehead on to mine, I said, 'What's to be sorry about?' And without giving him a chance to reply, I added, 'I'm very flattered. Now, let me show you my appreciation.'

Eventually we left his boathouse, heading back up the grassy dunes, around the tiny headland as the evening set in, and back to his single-storey thatched cottage.

While he cleaned and filleted a couple of the day's catch, I put more coal into the massive Rayburn and, before long, I had Michael out of his fishing clothes and into a relaxing hot bath. Even to the point of sponging down his back, regardless of the curious scars he carried there, and also his hairy, bear chest, before leaving him to soak for a while – giving me time to prepare supper for the both of us.

While Michael did the dishes, I took a little while to bathe and make myself presentable once more. Back in the lounge section of the long house, I carefully banked the fire for the night, turned the radio down low, then took his hand and led him to the bedroom. His eyes were again large, filled with a mixture of innocence and amazement.

As part of the house design, despite the bedroom being on the ground floor, it still had roofing beams and an open ceiling of thatch which, in the cooling summer evening gave off a distinctive aroma of weathered sedge and cut reeds.

The bed was a massive thing, handmade with a feather-stuffed mattress – with only a thin cotton blanket to combat the early morning mists that could sometimes roll in and cool the house before sunrise. And with the lateness of the sunsets there wasn't any need for candles or the ornate oil lamp over by the bedside cupboard.

With both of us standing by the bed, I slowly unbuttoned his shirt, slid it off his shoulders, down his arms, folded it neatly, and placed it on top of the chest of drawers. Spying the distinctive shape of a small pot of tiger balm on the dresser, I turned him around, put a couple of dabs of the liniment on to his shoulders, and started to massage it in. A little more massage and I could feel it working to soothe his muscles and to ease his tension. It also gave me a chance to physically touch his body without him becoming too self conscious about it.

Turning him back to face me, I reached up and pulled his head down so I could kiss him properly. Tentatively at first he started to return the kiss, the sensation of his beard and moustache a new experience for me. Some gentle

probing with my tongue at his mouth, and then being allowed to enter – the warmth of his mouth feeling wonderful as he relaxed and finally let himself go with his emotions.

With his arms around me, and still holding the kiss, I moved my hands down and undid his light summer trousers, letting them fall to the floor around his feet, and exposing his boxer shorts and stiff cock to my hands. With teasingly deliberate slowness, I lightly traced the length of it several times with my fingertips before slipping his boxers over his hips, easing them to the floor and finally manoeuvring him, now naked, onto the bed.

Against the light-coloured blanket, his rusty red body hair looked exotic and different – a sort of primal, almost prehistoric man look about him.

Quietly I stripped off, putting my clothing beside Michael's on the chest of drawers, climbed onto the bed and knelt down beside him, just taking in the sight of his body for a moment. I breathed in slowly several times, before I started to run my hands over his chest and stomach, moving my fingers softly though his wiry chest hair and gently teasing at his nipples, feeling them grow hard and proud between my fingers. Michael closed his eyes and started to ride with the feelings and emotions now bubbling through him.

After a moment, I lifted myself up a little and straddled his muscular stomach with my knees – stretching myself wide across his large frame and feeling the wonderful heat of his body against my thighs and groin. It had been a long time since I had felt this good, and I savoured the hot body contact a little before pushing myself into an upright position. Putting a hand behind me, I wrapped my fingers around his thick, hard shaft and, with my other hand, I took hold of my own stiff cock and started to slowly stroke the two of us backwards and forwards – eventually feeling the sticky slickness of his precome dribbling over my knuckles.

Pausing for a moment to reach over to the night-stand, I picked up the small plastic bottle of baby oil I had found in the bathroom cabinet while I had been running Michael's bath. I cupped my palm and poured some of the oil into it. Holding the liquid in my hand for a moment, I poured it from one palm to the other and back again, warming it through and making it more viscous. Then, with the oil in one hand, I moved my hand back around his cock and started to massage the oil in. With the other oil-coated hand I started working on my own dick again.

When Michael's cock was good and lubricated, I raised myself up a little, moved backwards, and gently rested his large, fat cockhead up against my arsehole. Then I started to lower myself onto it, a little at a time – rocking backwards and forwards to ease the thick piece of meat as painlessly as possible into me. Relaxing as much as I could, it was still a stretch and, when his cockhead finally popped in past my ring, I breathed a little sigh of relief. More gentle rocking and his slick cock spread enough of the baby oil inside me to make his movements smooth and pleasurable. I had only taken about three-quarters of his shaft before I felt his cockhead brushing and rubbing against my hot spot, sending

wild tremors through me and making me gasp.

Immediately, I felt Michael's hands on my hips, holding me, and asking in a worried voice if he was hurting me. I just smiled and reassured him that it was quite the reverse, before setting about taking the rest of him into me. Gradually, he got back into the swing of things and started to move his hips in time with my own twists and bobs, and the feeling of that massive cock inside me was getting me to the point of no return far quicker than even I had imagined. Listening to Michael's increased breathing, I knew he was about to come at any second. The thought of us coming together was something that also excited me no end.

His breathing was turning into a sort of animalistic grunting, and he was starting to lift both his hips, and myself, clear off the bed with his thrusting – almost as if I were riding a bucking bronco machine, with the added attraction of his cock wedged firmly in me! Then, in one concerted push, I could feel him come – the heat of his jism shooting in me, his cock rigid and rock hard; he nearly threw us off the bed. With those deep and powerful thrusts really hitting my g-spot, it was all I needed to tip me over the edge and I was soon shooting long white strings of come over his red-haired chest.

We were both still for a moment, panting and trying to catch our breath, when he pulled me close and held me to his come-soaked chest. Michael made me gasp as he pulled his cock out of me a little too quickly. We stayed like that for a while, just riding the waves of pleasure as they surged through us.

Later, as I headed back to my own place, I mulled over all that had happened.

Michael was a very nice guy, yes, but over the intervening months since we had first met I'd also had a chance to look into myself. For once, I had taken some time to consider my own feelings, as opposed to previously only ever seeking Tony's approval.

It left me wondering, in my heart of hearts, once the novelty of sex had worn off, if Michael might go looking to see what others might have to offer. But then, maybe he'd stay. Only time would tell. I could only hope that he would let me down more gently than Tony if he ever felt it was time to move on. Thinking of those wide brown eyes of his, of the day he saved me from the sea, I felt certain I could rely on that.

One More Ride

by Sommer Marsden

You know when a man looks at you a beat too long. We all do. And Will looked at me a beat too long. He also happened to do this exactly 12 hours after I pronounced (drunkenly) to my best friend Toby that I was done with men.

My exact words were, 'They can all suck my ass and not in a good way. I am going to be a loner. A lone wolf. A monk. As lonely as a door-to-door salesman. A lonely, lonely man.' Then I belted out Only the Lonely in my best Roy Orbison voice and promptly passed out on his zebra-print sofa.

It was half a day later that I went to visit Lee at work. She wanted me to eat lunch with her because she was on a diet. I have no earthly idea why she was on a diet. She's so goddamn skinny she's nearly transparent. But I went, and I took my sad, soggy tuna sandwich and my mental gossip to share about our normal group of friends. Tony was banging the bag boy, Theresa had a pregnancy scare, Maria had gained six pounds and Matt was close to a book deal. All Lee wanted to talk about was the new man in her life, Todd. So, while she droned on about Todd, I kept time with my heartbeat. I had had so much to drink the night before that my pulse was beating in my temple like a drum. I did not want food. Or gossip. I wanted to get laid and go to sleep. Only one seemed to be an option.

'Are you listening to me?' Lee smacked my leg and I jumped. My itchy, tired eyes registered her look of disgust and, over her shoulder, a very thin, very well-muscled, brown-eyed man staring at me. He gave me a crooked smile like he knew a secret and three things happened. My heart pounded, my stomach bottomed out and my cock got hard.

'Lee?'

Lee turned her disgust on the god in the doorway and I just stared like an idiot. 'When are you back on? We have the shipment of bedding you're supposed to get.' He spoke to her, but stared at me.

'I have ten more minutes, go stalk someone else, William!' Lee waved her fingers at him dismissively but grinned. 'And put a shirt on. You're so distracting in your wife beater.'

Will laughed easily and then he did it. He stared at me a beat too long and I was done for. He disappeared back inside the warehouse like a shadow as my heart tried to find its normal rhythm.

'Oh, shit.' Lee frowned.

'What?'

'You have that look. That struck look. You are struck and you are horny. You are lusting after that man. Don't even give Will a second thought. He's a bike boy. He lives, eats and breathes his bike.'

'What kind of bike?' I asked. Dumb, dumb, dumb. I kept talking. 'Is it like a mountain bike? A ten speed? Does he race?'

Lee stared at me open mouthed and then her eyes slammed shut and she was laughing much too hard to talk. The door to the warehouse flew open again and

Will poked his head in. My brain went blank and my dick got stiff. He had quite the control over me already I noted. I smiled, trying not to look stunned or stupid.

‘Lee, not to be a pain in your ass, but I will.’ He winked at me and I could hear my ears ringing from the adrenaline rush. ‘Can you at least poke your pretty head in here and tell me if this is the right batch of shit? You know the stuff you’ve been bugging us about all day.’

My friend stomped into the warehouse on her cheap black high heels. Her skirt was ragged and wrinkled, her cardigan the same. Girl really had to stop partying so late. And she needed to invest in a decent pair of heels. The door came back open and, for just an instant, Will’s big brown eyes were staring right at me and then he was gone. Lee shuffled forward, thrust a card at me. ‘Here. Call him. You boys need to learn to communicate with each other. I’m tired of being the gay community’s go-between.’

I took the card with trembling fingers. It was a standard card for the store but on the back was scrawled Will Benjamin and his phone number. Below that, it just said, “Call Me. Tonight.”

I practised and practised talking to him. In the car on the way home, in the bathroom, in the kitchen, facing the phone before I actually picked it up. When I found the balls to dial, I heard his rich, deep voice. ‘Yeah?’

‘Hi, Will, this is Chr-’

‘If you’re getting this, I’m at Mickey’s. It’s Tuesday and that’s where I am. Come on up and meet me.’ Then he rattled off the address.

Well, that fucking sucked. He was inviting the whole damn world to see him tonight. My brain raged at all my worry. But then my ear heard, ‘And yeah, this message is for you. If I didn’t meet you at the warehouse today, just say something and get the hell off my line.’

I blinked at the phone but my heart stilled before shocking back to life. My god. That was for me. So I put some shit (Lee calls it product) in my hair, sprayed myself with Axe and hurried out. I wouldn’t let myself think about it or I’d be too scared to go. Mickey’s was nearly deserted and a shiny black and chrome motorcycle sat out front. Ah, the bike. And it sure as shit wasn’t no ten speed.

‘Get on, yeah?’ His voice was deep like I remembered, his eyes as dark as his tone. I shrugged, trying to look nonchalant but my throat wanted to lock up. He must have been watching for me through the front window. I hadn’t even made it inside the bar.

‘Yeah. Sure. Is it OK?’

‘Who’s gonna care? I want you to, it’s my bike. Are you afraid?’ He grinned at that and I felt my body respond with a flash of warmth and a blush that crept up my neck.

‘No. I’m afraid of you, kind of.’ My mother always said honesty was the best policy. Sometimes I told the truth before I thought better of it.

‘Maybe you should be.’

I climbed on the bike and he got on in front of me. I didn’t let myself think, I

wrapped my arms around his trim waist, feeling the flat, hard muscles in his stomach flex from the contact. 'Where are we going?'

'Oh the silent spot sounds good to me.'

I had no idea what that meant but I nodded. He patted my hands on his abs and then stroked my flank for a split second before kick-starting the bike. 'Ready?'

This time my throat had stopped working, so I nodded against his shoulder and inhaled the smell of beer, shampoo and a hint of oil. His helmet was small and sleek and black and he handed it to me.

'Won't you get in trouble?'

'Maybe, if I get pulled over, but I've only got one and at least I have a shot at falling correctly.'

Before I could answer, we took off into the twilight. Wind sliding its chilly fingers inside the helmet to rustle my hair and howl over my ears. I closed my eyes and moved with Will and the bike as it moved like a large, lazy animal through the increasing dark. The vibration seemed to wrap itself around my balls, my dick, my insides. I felt hollow but filled with a buzzing kind of peace.

The silent place was indeed silent. The reservoir at night is as silent as a tomb on most nights. Not in the summer and not on holidays but every other time it is. Will parked the bike and we got off. There were no lightning bugs, the chill had moved in for good, running summer off into the wings to wait for her turn to come back around. There were stars and the sound of rushing water and the rustling of dead leaves that were still clinging perilously to the trees. The leaves on the ground crunched under our boots as we walked.

'Lee says you're a bike boy.'

He snorted in the darkness, the gravel of the parking section popping under his feet. 'Lee's pissed because she tried to get me in the broom closet one day and I told her to bug off.'

'You don't look...'

Dead silence and I was thankful for the darkness to hide my blushing skin.

'Look?'

'Like my type.'

I could barely see the glint of the moon off the whites of his eyes, but his big hand pulled me forward. In my mind I could see his hands, larger than mine and nicked-up from working on his bike. I could picture them around my neck pulling me in. When his lips, warm and wet, touched mine, I pictured that hand wrapping around my cock.

I kissed him back, staggering closer so that we were mashed pelvis to pelvis, belly to belly. When he arched his hips at me, my body thrummed and my cock should have thrown off sparks it was so hard. I wanted him that bad. It had been a long time since I had felt pure simple want. No motive or plan or romance. Just a simple, unadulterated need.

He turned and pulled me back the way we'd come, my lips still plump from

the kiss. My body still flickering with what felt like a shimmering electricity. 'Where are we going?'

'Back. I'm a bike boy, remember? Can't be without that bike.' He laughed again and the laugh made me shiver like I was cold, though I wasn't.

Moon glow bounced off the chrome and she sat there in the dark, a hunched sleek predator. The bike. The bike that Lee swore Will never did anything without. You called a bike 'she', right?

I tried it. 'She really is pretty.'

Another soft laugh and he pushed me to one side of the seat. Will stepped to the other and leaned over her slender girth and kissed me again, pulling at my shoulders as his tongue slid over my lips, past my tongue. He sucked my tongue hard only to soothe with wet, even strokes. 'Kneel down for me, Chris. Be my bike bitch.'

I could hear him chuckling but it was entirely sexy and not malicious in the least. I didn't take offence. Instead, I felt a quite thrill curl in my belly and excitement made my fingers tingle, my lips too. I dropped to my knees, holding my breath as he moved closer. He slid me so the bike hit me just under my chest. The very top of my belly rested on the seat and my cock was bumped against the bike's gleaming exposed guts. I rocked against her, the cooling metal's friction a nice pleasant pressure. It had possibilities, 'fucking' his bike.

'Say, please,' he said agreeably.

'Please,' I said. And I meant it. I'm the first to admit I can be a "tit for tat" lover. If I get you off, I want mine. If you get an orgasm, I want mine. If I suck your cock, open wide. This time it was none of that. I wanted to do what he asked. I wanted to make him come. I wanted that and the rest was pretty much irrelevant. I half expected to get off just from successfully sucking him dry.

'Such nice manners. And here Lee made you out to be a bit of a brat.'

I couldn't help but grin. I was pretty much a brat. I leaned toward him as if that could make him move faster, my hips riding the warm metal under my crotch. The pleasure curled low around my spine like smoke and I humped his pretty bike some more.

'Do not knock it over,' he laughed, but the tearing sound of his zipper put everything else out of my head. He pushed at his jeans and his boxers and I leaned forward further, careful not to tip the bike or myself.

'Please,' I said, again with no prompting. 'Come closer to me.'

'Like this?' He stepped in and I felt the warm, soft tip of his cock run over my lips. He painted my lips with invisible lipstick. His dick smooth and perfect. I licked my lips and he painted them again.

'Yes,' I said and sucked him in. I ran the tip of my tongue along him and he made a soft noise. Deep in his throat, his pleasure rumbled and he tilted back for just a moment on his heels. 'Fuck my mouth. Please.' On this 'please', I grinned and he groaned.

Then he was thrusting, this perfect wiry, lean man. Will grabbed my hair with

just enough pressure to make my scalp hum with discomfort. But it felt good too because my cock got harder and I pushed against his bike shamelessly. My belly fluttered with butterflies and I kept my hands down letting him guide me by pulling my hair like reins.

‘Why’d you come to Mickey’s?’ He gasped and I sucked him deeper. Spit wetting my lips and him and my face. I wanted to make him lose control. I wanted to make him pull my hair so hard I cried. I wanted him to make that sound. The sound a man makes when he doesn’t know he’s coming until it’s too late.

‘I wanted to see you. I wanted to talk to you and not stare in the mirror and pretend to talk to you.’ There was that damn honesty again.

More laughter but he pulled me in harder, fucking my mouth, cutting off my words. ‘You did that? Wow. Why?’

I shrugged because he wasn’t going to stop for me to chat. I hummed instead and the rumble from me worked through his dick and he jerked. ‘Jesus.’

I humped the side of his bike, wondering if I had ever imagined doing something like that out in the open this way. I hadn’t.

‘I’m glad you came, for sure.’

I bet he was, but, as it stood, I had a mission and I sucked him harder as he withdrew just a bit and that was the death knell. He hissed in a short burst like a cat and pushed fully into me, clogging my throat as he came. Warm salty bursts of him right across the back of my tongue as he tugged my hair so hard, white sparks jumped in my vision.

I was ready but refused to get myself off. Refused to jerk off or hump his bike or even ask. I sat back, licking my lips, wondering about myself. His powerful whip-thin body glowing in the meagre moonlight like a wraith.

‘Fuck all,’ he panted.

That made me snicker and then we were both laughing. In a few minutes, he was buttoned and smoothed and he gestured to the seat. ‘Climb on.’

I hopped on and he surprised me by getting on behind me. ‘I can’t drive this thing!’ I yelped.

Will pushed against me, his dick pressed flat to the middle of my buttocks. He ran his hands up my thighs and his mouth found the back of my neck. He bit me gently and I sighed, hanging my head so he could do it again. He licked up my nape and my nipples went hard under my sweatshirt. He pushed against me once, twice, three times like he was fucking me. ‘I know. You’re not driving. I’m just getting a feel for things is all. You’re ready, yeah?’

I smiled again at his odd way of speaking. ‘I’m ready.’

Then he got off and got back on, kicking the bike to life with ease. I trembled under us and the vibration had me gritting my teeth. I was so hard and wanted to come so bad. I did my best to ignore it.

We pulled out, rocks spitting away from us like flames. ‘Where are we going?’

I mentally crossed my fingers. I could still taste him on my tongue and was

satisfied. Even if he took me home, I had gotten what I wanted.

‘My house. I don’t’ think we’re done yet.’

‘No?’ I asked, mimicking him.

‘Nah. I think you’ve got one more ride in you tonight. Maybe more.’

I started to ask him where we were riding. But then I got what he meant and all I could do was nod and agree.

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